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CAN ALARUS,

Sef hanes chwech o ddynion, pa rai a gytunasant
â'u gilydd i

Gymuno yn enw'r Cythraul.

Y CYMRY hoff o rinwedd,
'Rwyf yn eich galw'n mlaen ;
Rho'wch glust i wrando'n osteg,
Yn gywir ar y gân ;
Cewch hanes chwech o feibion
Oedd ffyddlawn a chytun ;
A sathru gwaith yr Arglwydd
Wnai'r chwech uffernol ddyn.

Y bobl aeth i'r dafarn
Yn fore yn ddigudd,
Ac yno hwy a yfent
Nes oedd yn haner dydd ;
Cytuno wnaent â'u gilydd
I brynu bara a gwin—
Cymuno 'n enw'r cythraul
Wnai'r chwech uffernol ddyn.

I'r fynwent fawr hwy aethant,
A'r gelyn gyda hwy,
I gael cymuno'n llawen,
Heb ofni braw na chlwy' ;
'Rol iddynt dori'r bara—
Cyn ei gymeryd e',
Fe'u t'rawodd Duw hwy'n ddrylliau,
Yn ddarnau yn y lle.

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Pan ddaeth y bobl allan
 O'r Eglwys y prydawn,
 Fe welsant chwech o ddynion
 Mewn dull truenus iawn ;
 Eu gwaed yn rhedeg allan
 O'u ffroenau a'u clustiau, clywch,
 Ac hefyd eu geneuau—
 O! ddynion dibris trowch.

Ni chaed 'r un gair o'u genau,
 Y chwech oedd yn y fan,
 Mewn byr tynydau sydyn
 Hwy ddarfu fyn'd i'r farn,
 I gael eu treio yno
 Gerbron yr Hwn a fu
 Yn dyoddef dan yr hoelion
 Ar ffynydd Calfari.

Yn mynwent Eglwys Richmond,
 Yn Sir Gaerefrog fawr,
 Mae'u cyrff yn gorwedd heddyw
 Yn llwydedd yn y llawr,
 A'u heneidiau a ehedodd
 I fyd yr ysbrydoedd byw,
 I roddi cyfrif manwl,
 'Rol sathru deddfau Duw,
 O dadau mwyn a mamau,
 Tra byddwn yma'n byw,
 Cymerwn hyn yn rhybydd
 I beidio gwatwar Duw ;
 Rhyw olwg fawr echrslawn
 Oedd gwel'd y rhai'n yn wir

Yn myn'd i'r farn yn feddwon
O flaen y Barnwr pur.

Gwrandewch ar weision Iesu,
Sy'n ufydd ddydd a nos,
Yn traethu ei genadwri
A chofio'i angau loes ;
Fe dalodd Ef ein dyled
Fe'n prynodd oll yn rhydd,
Cawn gymorth yn ol yr achos,
A nerth yn ol y dydd.

A NEW SONG,

Giving the history of the

SIX BLASPHEMOUS MEN

Come, all around me gather,
An awful tale to hear,
'Twill pale your cheeks with terror,
And fill your hearts with fear ;
O pray that we may never
From virtue stray away,
But keep the shining pathway
Which leads to endless day.

In Richmond town, in England,
A place of beauteous name,
'Twas here this dread scene happened—
This scene of awful shame ;
Six men of wicked natures
Were dwelling in that town,
'Tis said that they ne'er were smiling,
But always wore a frown.

One Sabbath morn in spring-time
When nature all around
Her glories free had scattered
With gen'rousness profound—
These men they quickly hastened—
Not to the Church's door,
But to the tavern's parlour—
They'd been there oft before.

Forth through the half-closed window
 Upon the road they saw
 The people to the Church go,
 All filled with rev'rent awe ;
 With jest and gibe these six men
 Turned to their pots of beer,
 Till one at length suggested,—
 " Let 'shave Communion here !"

" Those straight-laced folks out yonder
 Have oft their feed of wine,
 Let 's have a likesome banquet
 As we may all incline ;
 And since we're all agreeing
 Those folks outside to lick,
 We'll have it for our master
 To honour ——— Master Nick !"

With shouts of glee the others
 Acclaimed this sinful thought,
 And cried that bread and wine too,
 Should quickly there be brought ;
 " Now," said their leader, " quickly
 The Churchyard's spot in peace,
 We'll reach, and on the gravestones
 We'll then enjoy our feast."

When later in the morning
 Forth from the Church door
 The congregation hastened
 They saw upon the floor
 A dreadful sight—too awful
 For us the truth to tell—
 These six men to them wandered
 And dead before them fell !

Their ears and mouths were running
 With streams of blackened gore,
 Their eyes were dark and sightless,
 Their limbs had lost their power ;
 For down from Heaven in anger
 God had an angel sent
 To punish those who rashly
 His Holy Son offend !

O may this prove a warning
 To young and old to day,
 To ever keep their actions
 From blasphemy away ;
 But may they strive in earnest
 More goodness to attain,
 That they may rest in glory
 For endless time, Amen.